

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



STOKER J. CROOK AROUND?

Some snippets of news from home for him

MRS. CROOK, who lives at 60 Daleview Road, Tottenham, North London, is believed to be the mother of the only pair of twins to have served in the submarine branch of the Royal Navy.

I called there recently and heard all about her bright boys, Jack and Alec.

From boyhood they were inseparable; they shared the same bed, fought each other's battles, and joined up together in the Metropolitan Police Force. They joined the Navy together, and were together for over two years on the same ships.

When they joined the submarine branch they were known as the heavenly twins.

Stoker S. Davis, who knew them both well, said: "At the Block House everybody was confused. What they did at kit inspection, liberty time and ashore, to bamboozle everybody, was nobody's business."

Jack is still in submarines; his brother was transferred to general duties when he failed an eyesight test.

"I'm so sorry they have been parted; they were such great pals, and are sure to miss each other," Mrs. Crook told me.

There is another sailor in the family, too. He is Frank, the youngest. He is in the Fleet Air Arm and liking every minute of it.

Both your brothers are well, Jack. Your mother has heard this week from both. Also from you. So you can

imagine she's pretty gay this week. Her only wish now is for the big day when you all gather at the Mitre.

Your girl friend in Capetown has been writing often and her letters are on the way to you. "Bartlett and Co." have been enquiring after you, and they, too, are looking forward to buying you a pint round the corner.

Your records, including "The Dance of the Hours," which I hear was your favourite, are still being played over and over again. You seem to be fond of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Your mother is developing a taste for it, too.

As I came out of the sitting-room I noticed a set of boxing gloves on the door. When I asked your mother about them she just laughed and said, "Oh, they could tell some tales."

One more news item, Jack. Your mother says, "We're all well at home and longing to see you. Dad's still going up and down."

"GOOD MORNING"
is always pleased to
get your home news
and photographs

NORMA SHEARER "THE CINEMA'S BEST-DRESSED GIRL"

Another of the
weekly film stars
brought to you by
CALL BOY



IF it hadn't been for World War No. 1 it is highly unlikely that you would ever have been a Norma Shearer fan. For the simple reason that Norma would, in all probability, never have gone on the screen.

Her father was in business in Montreal. And the war's sudden coming sent his business crashing—wiped it out. Leaving Norma, her sister Athole, mother and brother Douglas facing a bleak world.

"So we sold the piano and went," Norma goes on. "We were full of hope, high adventure and ignorance! My brother had a job by this time and was able to take care of himself; and poor dad stayed on in Montreal, trying desperately to save some of his losses."

They rented a cheap room at Ninth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

"We cooked our coffee on a tin of Sterno and ate breakfast off the top of our trunk. We didn't know the first thing about the theatrical profession. We had a few letters of introduction to producers, which we soon discovered didn't help much."

FIRST JOB.

After nine days in the big city the girls—not realising how lucky they were—got their first job. They were to play small parts in a series of comedies.

For the first picture on their contract, the company went to Raleigh, N. C., on location. They had only been there a few days when suddenly the funds ran out and the company quietly folded.

But Norma and her sister got another break right after that—small roles in "The Flapper" at the old Biograph studios. When asked how much salary they expected they went into a huddle, and feeling that they were "experienced actresses," asked, with a good deal of trepidation, for a hundred a week. Imagine their surprise when they got it!

Some of this money went for doctor's bills and other debts. And a lot of it went for new clothes. Very important, clothes. You couldn't get a job without having good-looking clothes for all occasions. The rest went into the bank—to keep them going over any arid stretches.

It was lucky they were so careful. For, after the dazzling success with "The Flapper," there came a three months' period of total nothingness.

As is usual at times like these, just as they were on the point of giving up, they were sent up to Mamaroneck, New York, to play in a movie they were making there called "Way Down East"—directed by none other than David Wark Griffith.

She was tremendously impressed by Griffith's devotion and interest in his work. "I always remember his amazing habit of disregarding time," she says. "We knocked off for meals at any time, and the end of the day's work was just as likely to be twelve or one o'clock that night. But we didn't mind it because of the tremendous thrill of working for the great D. W."

"BIGGEST MOMENT."

After that honour came the biggest moment of Norma's career, so far. She was picked to play the leading role in a picture called "The Stealers"! Merry indeed, was the little Shearer menage when Norma arrived home with this thrilling piece of news.

"I was practically a star,"

she says. "The director told me I was great when the picture was finished." And again that little smile came into her face as she added, "But, just the same, I couldn't get a part in another one. There wasn't even enough extra work after that to keep us going."

The days became weeks and the weeks months. Their clothes began to get that awful seedy look. Their shoes got out of shape—and had newspaper stuffed inside to help reinforce the soles. The stack of stills which they always carried to show what they'd done got more and more worn. And no one extended anything resembling a suggestion of a job. It began to look as if, as far as the East was concerned, the producers had just stopped making movies.

Finally Norma and her sister and mother decided there was only one thing to do—return to Montreal. Better to starve at home than starve in a friendless city like New York.

SAD RETURN.

Norma says of their prodigal return: "Not a very triumphant home-coming. As soon as we got off the train, disappointed faces made us realise that we had made a mistake."

"It was an awful feeling. If we'd had money enough for tickets we would have done an about-face at the station."

Trying to earn that very money Norma posed for a com-

mercial photographer in Montreal. Immediately afterwards there came a wire from New York with the offer of a job—and what a job, a contract on the coast!

Once more back they went to New York. This time with feeling and excitement running high. They checked into a very good—and expensive—hotel, and then got in touch with the agent.

But, bitter disappointment struck them once again. Since sending the wire something had happened. Somehow or other the opening had not materialised. In other words, there was no contract!

Panic-stricken though they were, Norma set out to try and find a job. She remembered the commercial photographer in Montreal. He had given her letters of introduction to some New York photographers. But, somehow or other, Norma hadn't much faith in them.

TURNING POINT.

There were a few posing jobs going and the money began to come in with some degree of regularity.

The commercial posing was becoming such a permanent institution with Norma that she had begun to believe that she'd never be a movie star, after all.

Then—unexpectedly, as these things always happen—the films in which Norma had appeared at last came to the

attention of the Hollywood producers. And, out of the blue came an offer from the old Louis B. Mayer company.

So Norma—only just turned eighteen—left triumphantly for the Golden West.

From that moment her movie career never took a backward step. For the Mayer company she did "The Wanters," "Pleasure Man," "Broken Barriers," "Lucretia Lombard," "Broadway After Dark," and others.

TALKIES.

When talkies hit Hollywood so unexpectedly and when every producer realised that if the companies were to survive, they'd have to produce talkies, Norma faced the then terrifying mike with the same courage that she had faced her earlier setbacks and heartbreaks. She fought for the leading role in "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

It was a completely different role from anything she'd ever done, but Norma made it live. And the response from the public confirmed the faith she'd had in her own ability.

As Norma, she is not afraid of competition, nor of having the picture stolen from her. She is sincerely interested in appearing in really good pictures—and such pictures cannot be made without a consistently good cast.

"I came into the business to earn money," she says. "But I have grown to love and respect it as an art."

KISSING TIME—but not what you think!

Ronald Richards tells you
something new from Bradford

YES, this is the story of a romance, but not, as the title suggests, of the joys of love, but rather the story of a labour of love.

This is a tale of Miss Sybil Helbig, whose life's work is creating special designs for printed fabrics, an art that goes back to the 14th century, and "Kissing Time" is, but one of her unique patterns for catching the eye of the canny calico printers in Yorkshire.

Fabric Printing, as it is called, is one of the oldest of crafts, conceived by the Rhenish monks on the Rhine, and later brought to Germany and France, which set the fashion in it for furnishings and frocks.

TWENTY YEARS BEHIND.

But, as in so many handicrafts that we have copied from the Continent, England was always 20 years or more behind the times, and the markets up to the outbreak of war were exclusively in the hands of manufacturers in France and Germany.

In Print Designs the position was much the same. French and German calico printers were 20 years ahead of any of their competitors in England, and most of the best and popu-

lar designs came from across the Channel right up to the beginning of the present war.

SCHOOLS STEP IN.

Art schools in England have now taken up the challenge of dispossessing these foreign monopolists of yet another possible and promising market, and, anxious to raise the standard of design in this particular industry, they are making the fullest use of the services of anyone with a special talent for creating attractive patterns for Printing on Fabrics.

Miss Helbig was a teacher of handiwork and art in a kindergarten school in London, but had to give it up on account of the state of her hearing. So, with a talent for drawing and a flair for inventing original subjects, she settled down to serious designing, both for wood blocks and machine, as used in cotton printing. Designs for dress and furnishing fabrics occupy all her time and attention.

She told me she gets most of her ideas at night, and even dreams of them.

"Fitness of Purpose," is what I mostly aim at," she continued. "The design must be good, the idea bright and

striking and pattern and colour are the other chief things which help to sell it."

The designs are submitted to the manufacturers, such as the calico printers in Bradford. If accepted, they have to be engraved on copper rollers, etched with acid and go through the whole technical process of cotton-printing.

NOVEL IDEAS.

Miss Sybil Helbig showed me some of her latest and brightest designs for catching the eye of the connoisseurs of the trade.

"Kissing Time," full of indelible crosses and luscious, twining lips, immediately caught my eye; there was no mistaking the idea.

"Building a new Britain" had a surrealist figure hovering with fantastic limbs above a bombed-out area from which new buildings were magically taking shape.

"Churchill Gets His Wings" showed the Prime Minister with cherubic wings and, of course, a cigar.

"All Clear," with field mice poking their heads out of their "dugouts" to peer out on a peaceful landscape, was another original subject, as was "Upstairs," being a lady with voluptuous limbs going up a flight of golden stairs. "Playing Tennis," in which a number of little cherubs were hitting the stars with heavenly racquets, completed a lasting impression of originality, skill and artistic merit.

Continuing Edgar Allen Poe's Great Terror Story— THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

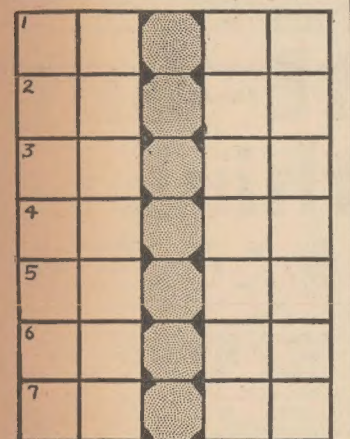
Death Stalks the Lady Madeline

THE room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling.

Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortable, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

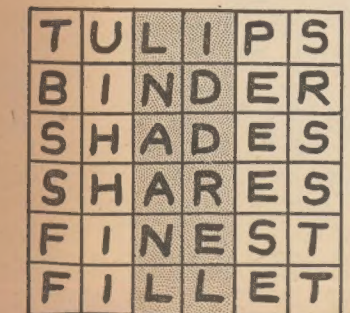
Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of a tired man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe.

Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the man being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable.



Fill in the missing words according to the clues, and the centre word will give you the name of a Nazi occupied country. Here are the clues: 1, To Soak. 2, Foggy. 3, The householder's nightmare. 4, A hard mass of earthy material. 5, To cleanse with water. 6, To glitter. 7, To form.

(Solution to-morrow)



Solution to yesterday's puzzle.

A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke.

The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament.

His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unheeded, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance which may be observed in the lost drunkard or the irremediable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off.

It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although perhaps the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight.

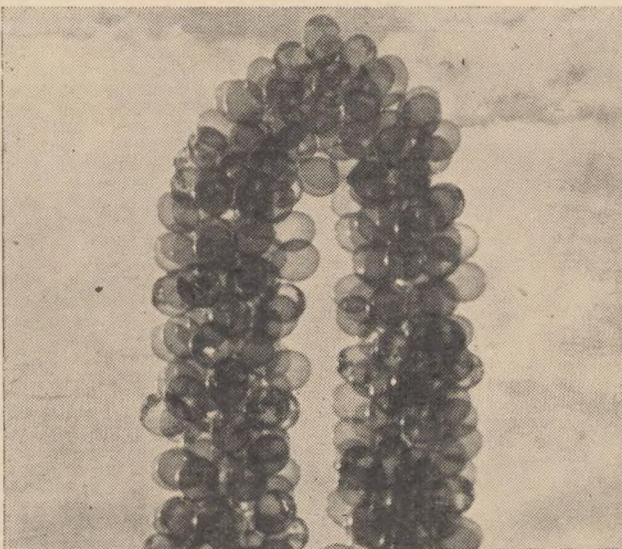
He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odours of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I must perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most

forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated.

It was an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



This is rather intriguing.—It is—a Necklace of Glass Beads, Bubbles of Soap, Balloons, or perhaps Ants' Eggs. Guess what or which. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 145: Hedgehog.

trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, Fear."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition.

He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured

—an effect which the physique of the grey walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness—indeed, to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years—his last and only relative on earth.

"Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers."

JANE



While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread—and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings.

A sensation of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door at length closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother—but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the usual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed.

But, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today



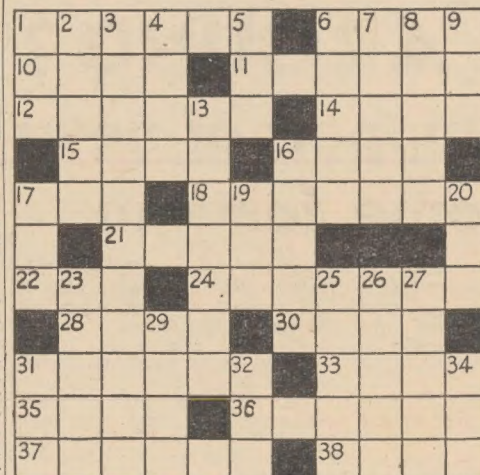
1. A wombat climbs, flies, digs, dives, swims?
2. Who wrote (a) Sesame and Lilies, (b) Sohrab and Rustum?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Players, Gold Flake, Churchman, Camel, Top Score.
4. The dinner fork was introduced into England from which foreign country?
5. Who said, "God may forgive you; I never will"?
6. What is a lotus?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Titillate, Nincompoop, Samaritan, Recognisance, Peregrinate.
8. What is a cresset?
9. Who was Mark Tapley?
10. Complete the following correctly: "... wait for no man."
11. What is an inhabitant of Shropshire called?
12. The battle of Waterloo was fought in 1788, 1800, 1805, 1815, 1837?

Answers to Quiz in No. 145

1. Sleep before midnight.
2. "The Sleeping Beauty" is in Andersen's Fairy Tales.
3. Football.
4. George Pullman, invented a railroad car known popularly as "The Sleeper."
5. Nap.
6. A species of duck.
7. In the cold, cold ground.

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore are the founders of human civilisation.
Daniel Webster
(1782-1852).

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Approach.
- 6 Promontory.
- 10 Dull.
- 10 Bloom.
- 12 Testify.
- 14 Stout line.
- 15 Measure of capacity.
- 16 Leeds river.
- 17 Favourite.
- 18 Swelling waves.
- 21 Stand firm.
- 22 Comrade.
- 24 Wordy.
- 28 Taunt.
- 30 Narrow woven strip.
- 31 Taking it easy.
- 33 Church.
- 35 Manifests.
- 36 Roadway.
- 37 Firmly joined.
- 38 Size of paper.

CLUES DOWN.

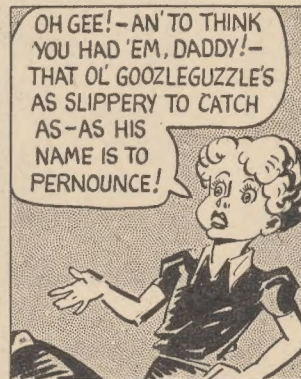
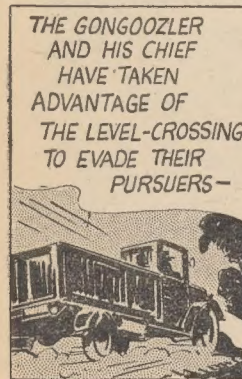
- 1 Increased by.
- 2 Crinkled fabric.
- 3 Realised value of.
- 4 Poetically black.
- 5 Personal pronoun.
- 6 Boy's name.
- 7 Love a lot.
- 8 Journal.
- 9 Observe.
- 13 Tried hard.
- 16 On the qui vive.
- 17 Young animal.
- 19 Poem.
- 20 Perceive.
- 23 Open-mouthed.
- 25 Cooked.
- 26 Believe.
- 27 Inoculation fluid.
- 29 Tie.
- 31 Declining.
- 32 Go about idly.
- 34 Set of notes.

THE COMPOSITIO
AGATE FANE
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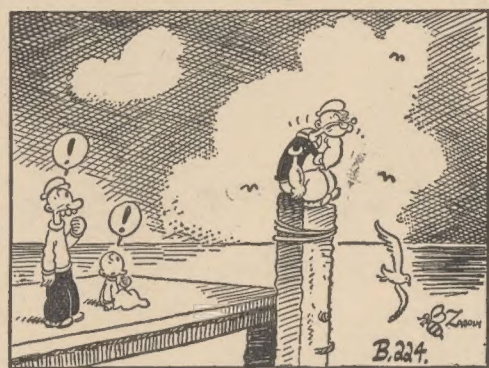
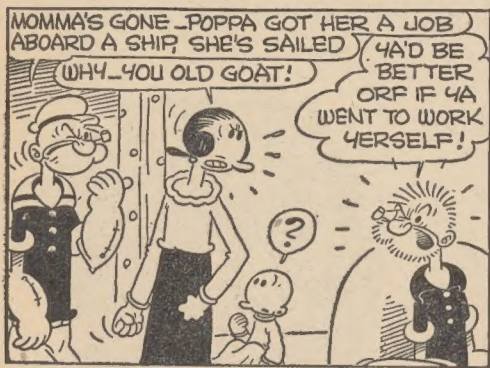
BEELZEBUB JONES



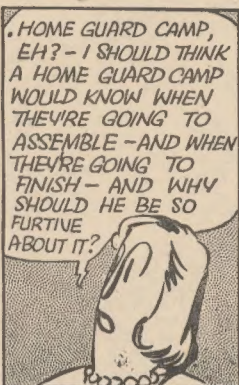
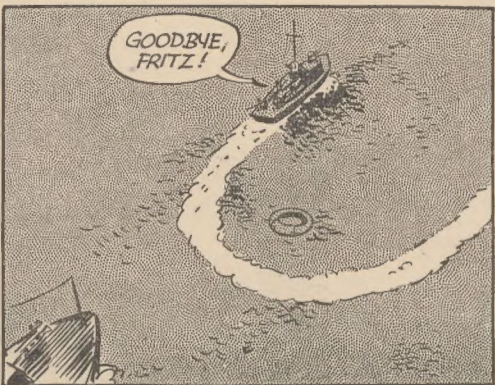
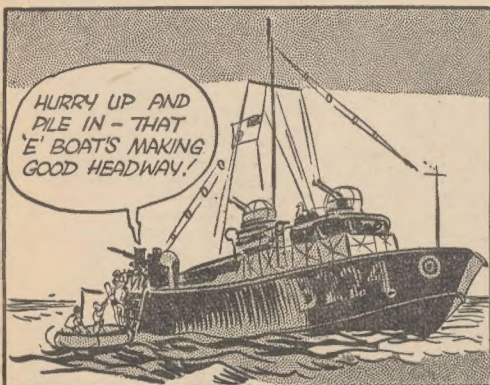
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue this out for yourselves

[In these extracts from what people are writing or saying to-day there is, in most cases, no novel point of view. They just deal with matters which are being discussed by intelligent people. Some are vital, some of no great importance. But they do, in all cases, offer subjects which you may, with advantage, "argue out" amongst yourselves.]

NEGRO WORLD.

THE negro world is stirring with renewed life, and its people are watching Britain for some indication of their status and prospects. It will need boldness, imagination and humanity if British statesmen are to divert the tremendous flow of human energy into channels which will ensure the happiness of both white and coloured peoples.

Rudolph Dunbar (coloured author and musician).

CHANGED NATIONS.

HAS not the moment come when the development of mankind towards civilised righteousness is held up for want of the emergence on the historic stage of a new kind of energy—the emergence of a nation, or a series of nations, deliberately refashioning their whole communal life and social structure around a spiritual principle.

Canon Roger Lloyd.

HOUSES, FLATS?

NO one denies that industrial decentralisation is difficult. But, under the banner of a better post-war London, to scrap the home ideals of a democracy is more than difficult. It is wrong, and it is impossible. Recent surveys prove that over 90 per cent. of people at home and in the Forces reject flats and want family houses. People will travel far to satisfy this want.

F. J. Osborn (Town and Country Planning Association).

LOYALTY.

OUR system, which is based upon the principles of Christianity, has been built up from the loyalty of the individual through the family, the village, and the borough, to a deeper national loyalty, and even to a sense of international responsibility. This is what we are fighting for. If the Church is to play its part in a democratic post-war world, it, too, must begin with the individual.

Anthony Eden (Foreign Secretary).

FARM-WORKER.

THE agricultural labourer must be two-thirds a mechanic, three-quarters a veterinary surgeon, a hedger, a thatcher, and a builder, and a thousand and one other things as well... If this war has achieved nothing else but make urban Britain appreciate that the agricultural worker is a skilled man, entitled to the rights and privileges of the urban people, then it will be something worth while.

T. Williams, M.P.

GOLD.

HOW long will it take mankind to learn that, on a desert island, gold is useless, and, on a fertile island, quite unnecessary?

J. B. Howells (St. John's College, Cambridge).

WORLD TRADE VITAL.

THE furtherance of world trade, giving everybody a chance, rather than wiping out the other fellow, is more vital perhaps to lasting peace than any organisation that might be set up, whether a world organisation or a permanent alliance of three or four countries or of all the United Nations.

Thos. H. Eliot (Director, Brit. Division, U.S. Office of War Information).

TEACHERS.

IN any education everything depends on the sort of men and women the "teachers" are, their personal influence and character... But what status does the nation accord to its "teachers"? Where does the village or town schoolmaster rank in the social scale (if democracy admits the term), or, say, in social estimation? Usually below the smallest shopkeeper—in England. But in Scotland the dominie ranks with the laird and the minister in people's esteem.

C. B. Fry.

U.S.A. OMNISCIENCE.

A GOOD many Americans attribute to the United States the omniscience and omnipotence usually reserved for the Deity. They cherish the delusion that it is only necessary for America to wish for something in international affairs to make that something happen. One result is that America's foreign policy has been more guided by cloudy abstractions than that of any other great power.

William Henry Chamberlin (American journalist).

COMBINED OPERATIONS.

THIS is a day of combined operations—between statesmen, scientists, economists, workers and Christian leaders, if evil is to be destroyed and the welfare—moral and spiritual—of our children assured... A world of justice and freedom, of happiness and well-being, is dependent finally, not on systems of political machinery, but on quality of life.

Rev. Leslie Church, D.D.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

There's really no question about it, boys. Could anything be more pointed?



This England

A view of the village of Elkston, Gloucester.

Farm horses enjoying unharnessed freedom and a change of diet.

Food for Thought

You can almost imagine that this young gentleman is going to make "second front" decisions after breakfast.



"LUMMY, DON'T SAY THOSE GUYS ARE GOING TO JUDGE US"

Contempt . . . in nine varieties



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Oh—Wouldn't you like to get me?"

